



Christmas

1927

The Advocate

VOL: XXXVII, No. 3 NEEDHAM, MASS., DECEMBER, 1927

PRICE 50 CENTS

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

THE NEEDHAM



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WILLIAM F. POLLARD

The Advocate Dedication

This issue of The Advocate is respectfully dedicated to Mr. William F. Pollard, our new principal, who has already won his way into our hearts by his enthusiasm for us and the school. We look forward to many good times with him this year.



EDITORIALS



Single File!

We are all sick of hearing those two words, yet what else can be done?

We all agree that the mere "keep to the right" idea cannot suffice for a school with our conditions. Simply review the old system! Students four and five abreast jostling and pushing those around them. Think of the confusion, the impression on an outsider.

Some think that a single file is less efficient than a double file would be, as the single file is too slow and does not give students time to reach their classrooms. If every one would move as quickly as possible and in single file, would not this complaint be done away with? Of course it would. Some students, because their particular destination is only a short distance away, take their "own good looking" time. Think of others; some have to go from 201 to 309 and they can't be slow if they are to make it in two minutes. A good many seem to think the two minutes a social period and walk slowly along trying to hear the conversation and see where they are going. Personally, I think that if it is given a fair trial, and pupils walk and not drift from class to class, that no real fault can be found with the single file system.

F. R. M., '28.

Come on Out!

"We cheer for them so why shouldn't they come to our games and root for us!" How

many times have you heard girls say this to each other? But it's true! Why is it that the other students do not come to the girls' hockey and basketball games and cheer their progress?

As soon as any notice of a boys' basketball or football game is given, everyone plans to go and cheer for the team. But let a notice of a girls' game be put on the bulletin board and many of the boys exclaim that the girls are no good and the games are not worth watching.

Think back and count up the games between girls that you have attended. Last year the girls' basketball team had the honor of being undefeated, yet few boys, or girls either come to the games.

Now, this year, let's see some more of our schoolmates at the girls' games as well as at the boys' games. R. A. B., '28.

The Duty of the School and the Student to Each Other

The duty of the school to us and our duty to the school are well tangled up with each other. For, if we do not discharge our duties to the school properly, the latter cannot do justice either to us or itself. This, of course, is true the other way around, as well. It is the duty of the school to provide instructors for us and materials for us to use, but it is unquestionably our duty to make the best possible use of these things. This duty includes attention in class, faithful home study, and good behavior.

Another duty of the school is to develop good character. Many things enter into this, among them the various rulings made by the head of the school and by the teachers in regard to talking in class, passing in the corridors, and keeping the grounds neat. We sometimes think they are foolish as in the case of single file passing, but, nevertheless, it is our duty to obey them.

To turn to duty in sports, it is the duty of those of us who are to participate in school sports, and the duty of those who cannot actually take part to stand behind their teams with good cheering sections and support of the athletic association. On the other hand, it is up to the school to make provisions for sports and accord to them the place which they deserve.

C. E. S., '28.

Friends

By BARBARA CHILDS, '29

'Tis easy for us to find friends,
Which we all strive to do.
But 'tis another matter
To find them kind and true.

Acquaintances we often meet,
We like them more each day,
But ah! once in a long, long while
A real friend comes our way.

The kind who will through thick and thin
Love, help, and stick to us,
Those who will share our troubles
Without a sigh or fuss.

Friends who are sad when we are sad,
And gay when we are gay,
Who cheer us up when all goes wrong
And help us day by day.

No matter if we're rich or poor
Or weak, or well, or strong
Good friends will help us bare our load
Of burdens right along.

And now I'll add a line or two,
To say before I end;
That we should all try very hard
To be a real true friend!

Football

The football season has ended. Whereas it has not been a successful season, when we consider victories, it has been successful in that it has shown the splendid school spirit of both the members of the team and their supporters on the side-lines. The boys, even though badly defeated in nearly every contest, have gone onto the field for the next game with fresh determination, and the spectators can declare that they fought to their utmost every time. The support of the school has been unusual, even for the games played out of town. The cheering section has been excellent—if cheering could win games, Needham High School would surely have more victories to her credit. But, as our principal said, it is not the victories, but the spirit and playing of the boys and the enthusiastic support of the students that make for a school of which we can be proud.

M. N., '28.

Home Work

How many of us really get our home work done the way it should be? How many of us have time to do it well, or even to do some of it at all?

Each year the home work seems to grow heavier and there seems to be less time to do it. School work of course, is very important, but we all have outside interests to which we must necessarily devote some of our time.

We have heard a suggestion which had been carried out in other schools. Here it is: home work is assigned by the teachers for four nights each week. The other night remains free to "catch up" and do such extra work as book reports and maps. This plan could be easily carried out and we believe that it would be appreciated by the students and would work out well for all concerned.

V. S., '29.



Literature

Memories

By EVELYN DAVIS, '28

On the edge of a wood, now a glorious contrast of brilliant colors, there stood an old and tumbled-down shack. From the crooked chimney there arose a thin stream of smoke, which widened by degrees and finally was lost in the gathering dusk of an autumn twilight. Inside, before a blazing log fire, sat an old man. He was slumped down in his rudely built chair and gazed with unseeing eyes into the bright embers. On the walls the firelight leaped and darted with apparent glee and seemed to rush at the old man as if to grasp him in eager claws, but, upon approaching him, they retreated and scampered into distant corners, and then suddenly sprang forward once again.

The old man sat in a lifeless attitude. Indeed, had it not been for the slow rise and fall of his breast, one would think that life had already fled from the withered form. The eyes that stared so intently into this fire had many, many years before, gazed into a similar flaming fire. How different had been his surroundings then! Only the most costly of imported furniture had confronted his eye. The walls were ornamented with rich tapestries and priceless oil paintings. He remembered that, upon that same night, he had been interrupted in his dreaming by a pair of soft hands pressed against his eyes, and a low musical voice requesting him to "guess who?" Little need for him to guess who possessed those hands and that voice. They haunted his dreams and were constantly in his thoughts during

waking hours. They belonged to Mary, and Mary was the girl he loved. She had laughed as he gently disengaged her hands and turned around. She stood hardly up to his shoulders, and was dressed in a soft pink frock. Her hair shone like gold in the firelight and her eyes were like liquid pools.

"Paul," she had said, "let us wrap up warmly and go to the top of the cliff to see the moon rise."

He remembered replying, "I would walk to the end of the world with you."

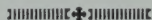
How happy they had been on that last walk together, scampering like a pair of delighted children, with the cold wind carrying their gleeful laughter over the frost-covered hills. Finally they reached the top of the steep cliff and far, far below them, the sea surged forward and backward in a ceaseless, roaring fury of discontent. The distant horizon was beginning to become brightened by a great ball of gold. Paul and Mary had stood there, lost in the beauty of the scene, and watched, with fascinated eyes, the moon slowly rising up to claim dominion of the night. The wind had gained force and blew their garments in wild disorder about them. The scarf, which the girl had tied about her hair, became unfastened and whirled in the gale unnoticed, and then with a great shriek of glee, the wind finally caught the frail bit of silk and tossed it out over the cliff. The girl had made a sudden start forward to regain it and then, with an agonized scream she had

lost her footing and disappeared with amazing swiftness, down into the deep dark waters below. Paul had stood, frozen with horror at the tragedy his unwilling eyes had witnessed, while in his ears there had rung the ghastly echo of terror and the sound of the defiant mirth of the merciless sea.

He had wandered for days, half-crazed with grief and sorrow. He finally was picked up by an aged farmer when he had fallen exhausted by the wayside. The good farmer had fed and cared for him until he was again well. Paul could not return to his world

again without Mary; so he had wandered alone and unknown to distant lands, and finally had found the hut which he now occupied and there he planned to stay in the peace of the woods and live with his dreams.

All this, the dull eyes had seen in the fire, and finally, with a shudder, the old man arose from his chair and went to the door of his cabin and slowly a smile of content spread over his features, for he knew that soon he would be united with Mary in another world.



Jade Green Silk

By ANNIE L. LEE, '29

"Mother! Mother!" Miriam Langwood burst into the kitchen where her mother was preparing dinner. "What do you think? I have been chosen to sing the leading role in 'The Girl from the City'."

Mrs. Langwood smiled with tired eyes. "I am overwhelmed with the idea of being the mother of a coming prima donna. You had better run in and tell Daddy about it."

All eagerness Miriam obeyed. "Hello Dad, how's the old leg? Not ready to be used yet?" Then she told her exciting news.

For the next few days Miriam lived in the clouds. Then the score of the operetta was given out, and the house rang with the music as she practised her part.

Then a dark shadow fell over her happiness. There were three acts in the operetta: one took place at a country club, the second in a garden, and the third at a big formal reception. She had a presentable sport costume for the first, and a pink silk for the garden; but the reception caused the problem. She decided to talk it over with her mother.

"Mother, what shall I wear for the third act?"

"Wear your tan dress."

"Mother, do you think that's the kind of dress a city girl would wear? Besides I

have worn it on every occasion since the year one. No! I can't wear that again. All the stores are having sales just now, and—"

"Miriam Langwood, you know we can't afford to buy a new dress now. Daddy has been sick for two months; and between doctor's bills and the loss of Miss Canton's board money, we simply cannot do it. I'm sorry that things have happened so. You will have to wear the tan dress, dear, or give up the part."

The next morning when Miriam came down to begin her regular Saturday morning work, her mother said, "Miriam, will you go to Miss Canton's room to make sure the windows are opened?" As Miriam passed Miss Canton's closet door, which was ajar, she caught a glimpse of the row of pretty dresses within. Miss Canton always did have such lovely clothes. She had money, and Miriam had never been able to understand why she had chosen to stay at their home instead of at a fashionable hotel.

Miriam touched a jade green gown in the closet. She took it out and held it up to herself in the mirror. How it brought out the gold in her hair and the blue in her eyes! With a sigh she put the dress back and went on with her work.

Finally the day came when the costumes were discussed in detail at a rehearsal. Miss Fairfax read each character's lines in turn, and jotted down notes as to costumes.

"First act, white sport clothes," announced Miriam when her turn came. "Second, pink silk; third—". She hesitated. Should she say her tan dress?

"Yes?" Miss Fairfax was waiting. With firm lips Miriam replied, "Jade-green silk."

What would her mother say? Mother would not be there; she couldn't leave father alone. She wouldn't hurt the dress, and Miss Canton was safe in the city. Anyway, maybe before the time of the play something might happen.

But nothing happened, and the night before the performance her mother told her that Miss Canton was returning the next week.

"Miss Canton coming!" Miriam stopped in amazement.

"Yes, next week. She asks us to take her jade green dress to the cleaner. She wants it ready for Friday night when she arrives."

"What does she think we are, that we must run and carry for her always?"

"Why Miriam! I realize that you have always resented her being here; and yet, as long as we must have a boarder, we could not ask for a better one."

"I didn't mean that," replied Miriam. "I guess I'm just tired. I'll telephone to the cleaner now." The cleaner said the dress would be ready in four days. This was Thursday, and the operetta was on Friday. If she got the dress to him on Saturday, it would surely leave time enough. Then she sped upstairs to look at the dress. There were coffee stains on the left side, but they would never show from the stage.

The next morning she took a bag with her costumes, including the jade green silk dress, to school with her. She explained to her mother that she would leave the dress at the cleaner's so that it would surely be ready in time.

That afternoon she hurried home from the

dress rehearsal, for she had many things to do. As she stepped into the hall, a suit case with Miss Canton's initials on it met her eyes. Just then Miss Canton herself stepped out of the living room with a white box which she passed to Miriam. She quickly opened the box, and peered wonderingly at the tiny rosebuds. Her trembling fingers picked up the card and she read:

"I hope you will take pleasure in wearing these tonight. Sincerely,

Joyce Canton."

"I met your friend, Helene, at the station, and she told me about the operetta. I thought this would be pretty with your green gown."

The reference to the gown was the last straw. Miriam crumpled up in a pathetic little heap, and sobbed—"Oh don't! Oh don't!

Miss Canton looked at her in surprise. "What is it?"

Then in a burst the story was out. When Miriam had finished, Miss Canton said, "It is unfortunate that there are coffee stains on the skirt."

"Oh don't. It's impossible! If I only hadn't!" As the weeping continued, Miss Canton went on firmly, "Miriam Langwood listen to me. Why do you suppose I have wanted to live here? Because it is a home, a real home. I am so tired of boarding houses and hotels. Here I can watch and pretend I am one of you, even if I am on the outer edge. I have almost felt that I am one of you sometimes, but not quite, because you have always held me at a distance. Now I have something you need, and I am glad I have it. Are you going to push me out of the family just as I have almost climbed in?"

"It isn't that," Miriam protested. "I ought not to have taken it and I know it."

"True enough, but let's forget that part," Miss Canton said gently. "Tonight's must be a successful performance because older sister Joyce is going to celebrate her entrance into the family by leading the applause for the younger sister Miriam, 'The Girl from the City,' starring in jade-green silk.

Romance and Gingerbread

By MARION A. WAGNER, '29

Martha Hopkins, spinster, scooped the last of the golden brown mixture out of the bowl. With a quick, skillful movement she thrust the pan with its new treasure into the oven, shutting the door on it with a feeling of satisfaction.

The tall gaunt form then moved with firm steps to where the cat, plump and contented, lay drowsily in his favorite chair. "Going to storm, Tim?" she addressed the cat, in the voice of one who expects no answer.

She settled herself in the rocker and drew the old shawl over her shoulders, preparatory to knitting. After picking up the soft ball of wool, she knitted for a few moments until the patter of rain drops caused her to cease her work, with, "Land sakes, If I didn't go and leave that skylight window open; suppose I'll have to shut it."

"Tim," this time her tone was one of command, "you just keep your claws out of that knitting. You know last time you near ruined it." With these words she began ascending the stairs, which like their mistress showed the signs of the heavy hand of time.

She reached the top, and then paused, as if to accustom her eyes to the dull light, before starting across the attic. Then slowly she stepped between the ancient articles, which she usually termed "truck and rubbish."

A flash of lightning caused her to hurry, when she stumbled, keeping her balance only by clutching at the low-hanging timbers. "My sainted aunt!" she ejaculated, "what in time was that?" Her peering eyes scanned the floor and came to rest on a little trunk with the top lid open, and its contents scattered on the floor. Systematically she began to put the articles back into their prison, surveying them as she did so. There was an old fan of Aunt Bell's, a pair of Uncle John's spectacles, (a mite rusty, but good as ever),

a box of lavender, and then a pile of yellowed letters, tied with the usual blue ribbon.

She was about to replace them also with their companions, when the stilted handwriting on the top of the page confronted her.

"Dear Martha,

"Just a line to tell you that today we again attacked Lee's army—"

Martha sank to the floor and gave herself up to the reading of the letters.

Back went her memory, ten, twenty—oh any number of years rolled by—back to the days when crinoline and curtsy ruled. Back to Martin, and to the day when that ever-persistent bugle call of duty took away the one bright spot in her young life.

Letter after letter was read, each faded word recalling incidents long forgotten. Between the lines a stalwart form in blue appeared, and the fearless gray eyes of their owner looked searchingly out at Martha.

Tearing herself away from the fascinating memoirs she next hunted through the faded documents until a newspaper clipping came to view. Down the columns her eyes traveled, but stopped abruptly at:

Killed in Action

Martin L. Dale—at Richmond.

Was it the rain from the open skylight, or the pent up feeling of years that caused the moisture on the wrinkled cheek? We shall never know, for at that moment the aroma of gingerbread, slightly scorching, came to her keen nose.

With a jerk she replaced the letter, shutting the lid with reverence, as though closing the door on the past. Reaching above, she hurriedly fastened the skylight and started across the attic.

Then as the erect old form descended the stairs, as if to pick up the thread of ordinary existence once more, she admonished, "Martha, you old fool, your gingerbread's burning."

Laughing Eyes

By BARBARA CHILDS, '29

Sayre Kent strode rapidly homeward through the clear cold night. He was thinking what a success Mary Anderson's dance had proved to be. For weeks before the dance he had dreaded going, for he didn't care particularly for Mary, and he was the only one in his crowd who had been invited. Sayre remembered now having wondered when he had received his invitation whether to make up some excuse, which might of course hurt Mary's feelings, or to be a good sport and go and say nothing. He had decided upon the latter course, for Kent was not the kind of fellow who would deliberately hurt someone's feelings. Now he thanked his lucky stars that he had gone, for there he had met a girl whom he had never seen before. She was pretty. Yes, very pretty, and her manner had attracted his attention. He was thinking about her now. Never before had he seen such eyes, such shining, laughing eyes! Eyes that would seem to laugh through trouble and misfortune. And her hair was such a soft, curly, wavy, brown. Yes! she was different from the other girls. The more he thought of her the quicker his pace became, and he whistled at the mere thought of his little dream girl.

Sayre was busy with his studies now. He was a senior at Colby College and he was on the football team; so he had little time for outside activities. Therefore he didn't see Peggy again for some time.

One Saturday, Colby was playing a nearby college in football. Some how Sayre could not get his mind on the game, but, during the second half, he glanced over at the crowd on the sidelines. Among the hundreds of joyous, gay, and happy students, one face stood out above the others. Yes! his eyes could not deceive him. It was Peggy! Well, he would show her how he could play. He put his whole heart and effort into the game, and, just before the end, skillfully grabbed the ball and, dash-

ing toward the goal line, he made the first touchdown of the day. The crowd went frantic, yelling and cheering as only gay-hearted youth can.

At the end of the game he lingered a moment hoping to speak to Peggy. He pushed his way through the crowd and soon found himself facing her. "How do you do, Miss Adams," he said. "It has been quite a while since—" But he got no further. She rebuked him with an angry stare, then lifting her head high, she turned her back and walked away with the girls.

Sayre Kent stood dumbly looking after her. What had he done? Maybe she hadn't wanted him to come up to her like that. Maybe she hadn't really liked him at first. Maybe—but no! He couldn't understand it. He just *couldn't* understand women!

Disappointed he turned toward the stadium door where his fellowmen had disappeared.

That evening the college fellows came to him to see about holding some sort of a celebration for the day's victory. "A show and a hot time afterward," John Carly had proposed.

"Nothing doing," Sayre replied. "Had a hard day today, and I'm going to bed!"

"Aw, have a heart," two or three joined the first. "You wouldn't turn us down flat would you? Say, Kent, where is your sporting blood lately?"

"Oh, well," he replied, "I suppose—"

"Ah! the Big Boy listens!" piped up a little fellow. And so Kent went, but he was not so gay as usual.

The weather grew colder, and December came in all its glory. Sayre's crowd had asked him to go skating two or three times, but he had refused. He was still thinking of Peggy—the little girl whom he had thought was different!

One night he decided to go skating with the

fellows. They all trooped gayly down to the moonlit lake, singing songs, and chatting happily with one another. They all sat down on the bank to put their skates on. Sayre found himself sitting beside a girl who undoubtedly had been there some time. She seemed to be having trouble with her skates. Suddenly she looked up at him. "Oh hello Sayre," she exclaimed heartily. "You're just the person who can help me. I've been trying to put this skate on for twenty minutes, and my hands are nearly numb."

Sayre Kent gasped. It was Peggy Adams, but—why was she speaking to him like this, asking a favor of him? He certainly did *not* understand women! After openly snubbing him before, she was now asking *him* to help her. He shivered with surprise, and was thankful for the darkness that she could not detect the scarlet of his face. He fixed her skate while she chatted gayly as if nothing had happened. When she stood up, she thanked him, and then, like a little fairy she glided over the ice and was swallowed up in the darkness. But he could still hear her sweet voice calling her friends, and her tinkling laughter rippled lightly through the black night.

Sayre wondered if he were dreaming. No! he had plainly seen those same shining eyes,—laughing into his when she had thanked him for helping her. After they had all skated together for some time they started home. Sayre walked with Peggy, and she seemed so happy that he could not bear to ask her why she had snubbed him after the football game, so he avoided that subject and they talked about other things. Upon his asking her if she would go riding with him the following afternoon, she had replied that she would *love* to.

The next morning, walking to school, Kent saw Peggy turning a corner just ahead of him. Hurrying, he caught up to her and was soon walking by her side and remarking, "Well, we certainly had a ripping time last night, didn't we, Peg?"

She looked at him with steely-gray eyes. Not the kind of eyes Sayre had noticed before. They were not laughing now. With a toss of her head she sneeringly mocked, "Perhaps you had a nice time, but hereafter, when I am busy thinking, please do not bother me."

Before Sayre could reply she had crossed the street with her head held high. "Oh!" he groaned, "can you beat that! Last night she was as sweet as sugar and here she is at her old game again. By jove! she *is* funny! I'll have no more to do with a girl that treats me like *that!*" And then—he remembered that this very afternoon he was to take her riding. "She certainly deserves to get left, although I couldn't do that!" he thought. "But I'll see what her game is anyway."

Arriving at the Adams's home that afternoon, Sayre walked manfully up to the door and gave the bell an impatient ring. His outward appearance was that of self-assurance, but inside his heart was beating very fast, and, yes, he really felt rather nervous. The door knob turned. Peggy was standing before him. She gave him another fiery glance and then, "What! you again! Young man if you can't leave me alone, I shall report you to your Dean."

"But you told me—"

"I told you nothing," she stormed, and slammed the door in his face.

Sayre put his hand to his head and walked slowly down the path. He had called this girl different. Yes, she certainly *was* different. Never had he seen a girl act like *that* before!

Two weeks later Sayre was driving along through the chilly December air in his little roadster. He was following an automobile, and ahead of that was a street car. Suddenly the car stopped, and a girl jumped down from the step. She hesitated a moment before crossing the street but then, thinking the coming automobile was waiting for her, she skipped across. However, as she did so, the automobile started and knocked her into a snow drift. Sayre jammed on his brakes, jumped from his car, and rushed toward her.

It was Peggy! Jumping out of the drift, she brushed the snow from her coat, and laughingly declared she was not "hurt a mite." However, she thanked Sayre for coming to the rescue and accepted his invitation to ride home with him.

When they were settled in the car she began "Sayre Kent, I have something to say to you. Do you remember a couple of weeks ago you promised to take me riding? A nod of his proved that he *did* remember. She went on, "Well, I think that generally when a fellow asks a girl to go somewhere with him, it is the custom for him to let her know if he cannot go!" When she had finished her speech she looked up at him. Noting the hurt look on his face she cried, "Oh, Sayre I *do* hate to scold you, but *why* didn't you come?"

His thoughts were a jumbled mass now. She looked at him so sweetly when she thought he had offended her, but became furiously angry when he had done nothing unpleasant.

He pulled the car up beside the road and stopped. They were in a quiet place where they could think and straighten things out.

Suddenly he found himself talking. "Why Peggy, I don't know *what* you mean. I came for you that day and you know you deliberately sent me away. Now, I would like to say something to *you*! Just what is your game? I'm not used to being treated this way, and I see no reason for your treating me as you have been doing."

Finishing his speech, he looked at her. He felt sorry that he had spoken to her like that. Then suddenly she burst into a laugh which she had often laughed before. She

laughed long and heartily, and he watched her. Heavens! she wasn't going kind of—well, *crazy* was she? Then, as suddenly as she had begun, she stopped and looked at him.

"Oh, Sayre, it is funny," she said, wiping her eyes. "It's a coincidence, but I see everything now. I can explain all!"

"I wish you *would* explain your strange conduct," he said.

"No wonder you think my conduct strange; I'll tell you all about it. The only times you have seen me have been at Mary Anderson's party, skating, and today."

"But—I saw you at the football game, don't you remember that?"

Again she gave a short laugh and replied, "Sayre it is the funniest thing I have ever heard. I know you'll laugh when I tell you about it. I AM A TWIN! And that was my sister that you saw at the football game and those other times that you have mentioned. My twin's name is Polly and we have always been mistaken for each other. Now, Sayre, I'm awfully sorry that this has happened, but you won't mind, will you? I hope we'll be just as good friends, because you see it *is* a joke."

Then it was Sayre's turn to laugh. "Well, Peggy old girl, I understand perfectly, and I realize now that it couldn't be helped. But oh, Peggy. I'm *glad* that I have found out that it wasn't you who snubbed me. Peggy! do you know I've liked you better than any girl I've ever met, and I sincerely hope we'll be good friends."

"Yes, Sayre, I *know* we shall!" she replied, and then he started the car, and they drove away together, her laughing, shining eyes still looking up into his.



The Flight of the Arrow

By HOWARD KINDER, '31

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight
Out of the darkness
Into the light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!
There must be something

Above, or below,
Somewhere unseen,
A mighty bow.
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die.

The Middleweight Champion

By RAYMOND SANDERS, '29

It all happened one afternoon when we didn't have anything to do. A few of us were left at college after the Christmas vacation began and of course banded together. Joe Baxter happened to remember that the local athletic club was putting on an elimination boxing contest for middleweights that afternoon.

After the first fight I remarked that I could give a better exhibition than that and one of the officials heard me. We looked at him but he said nothing. Some of the fellows were getting hungry, and so I went and bought some candy bars.

While I was gone, one of the officials of the club came over to one of the fellows who were with me.

"Who is that young man with you? He looks like Bill Javis, the middleweight champion of Northern Wisconsin. Is he?"

"Sure he is," said my friend.

"Thank you," replied the official. "I'll ask him to meet the winner of today's bouts."

When I came back with the candy I noticed the grins of my companions but said nothing, thinking they were laughing at me because I bought the candy.

At the beginning of the next fight the referee announced that the champion of northern Wisconsin was in the crowd and would take on the winner. The fellows with me chuckled delightedly as the referee looked meaningly at me. At last my brain woke up and I discerned a nigger in the straw-pile.

"Listen here, you eggs," I said, "Did you tell that guy that I was champion just because I look something like him?"

They pleaded not guilty to the charge as stated, but I knew by the look in their eyes that I was the goat.

At the end of the fight the chief official came over to me, introduced himself and

asked me if I would be kind enough to take on the winner for the club championship. Before I had a chance to say no my friends said yes for me, and I was rushed to the dressing room. This seemed all in a twinkling, and I didn't have a chance to say a thing.

When the bell for the first round started I rushed out of my corner resolving to sell my life dearly, although I figured it as worth about thirty cents. Shoving my right out before me, it landed, to my surprise, on the exposed chin of my opponent. He promptly put his hands up to his face and I shoved my left into his stomach. A surprised, hurt look came over his face; but he didn't try to hit me.

It flashed across my mind that I, a man who had never been in a ring before, had this club champion scared because of my reputation and the first two lucky blows that I had landed.

Immediately things changed in color and I made myself the aggressor. For ten long rounds I chased that lumbering figure around the ring, but I dared not catch up with him because I was afraid that I might get him mad and then he would fight. If that happened, I would lose, Bill Javis would hear about it, and I would take another licking. At last the fight was over, the referee raised my hand in token of victory and announced me as winner of the club championship. He then handed me a medal as proof of my prowess and gave me a life membership in that club.

My companions maintained silence perforce, and the club kept it out of the paper because their man had lost.

Since that fight I have collected twenty-five dollars in "hush-money" for my first five companions in exchange for the promise (written) that I would never tell a person about the fight nor mention their names.

Thieves?

By JOSEPHINE MROCZKA, '30

The taxicab stopped before a shabby little house in a narrow street. Three men, dressed in evening clothes, alighted from the running car. Two tried to open the lock, while the other argued with the taximan about the fare. They fumbled with the lock for about ten minutes, each one taking a turn. Finally, after much pushing, the door gave way beneath their strength. They entered and replaced the door. The shades had been pulled down and the lights put on. A table and a few chairs had been set for them. A small box and a revolver were put on the table. Suddenly a Chinaman appeared with a drink for them.

"Don't you let anyone disturb us. Savey?"

"Yes sir, Misteer Wood. Chang savey."

"All right. Now get out!"

The Chinaman withdrew with an air of curiosity about him. Why did they have guns? What was in that box? Were they a gang of crooks?

Such questions as these tumbled over in his mind.

Meanwhile, the men in the room had emptied the box of its contents. A mass of jewels fell on the table. How they sparkled and glittered under the light!

"Now we'll divide. There is about twenty-two thousand dollars worth right here. That means seven apiece."

"Well," replied a tall bony man, "how are we going to divide it? This isn't all money."

"Yes, and remember I want cash and not jewels," vowed the third.

"All right! all right! you'll get money. Call up Abey. He'll give money for this. Tell him it's business."

A hand reached for the telephone and a number was given to the operator. After a few minutes a voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Abey?"

"Listen, come down to 116 Dit Road right away. This is business. No, no excuses. Hurry up."

Bang! The receiver was slammed down. Silent were the next fifteen minutes. A knock was finally heard and a scurry of feet to open the door. Footsteps were heard in the hallway. The door opened, and a man of medium build stepped in. His clothes were shabby and he had a white beard.

"Sit down here," ordered the oldest, indicating a chair which had been drawn up for the newcomer.

"See this? How much do you want to give us?"

Abey looked at the heap of glittering jewels before him. His eyes opened wider and feasted on the jewels. He fingered them with his shaking hands and replied, "Vell, about twenty thousand!"

"What? Come on, Abey, twenty-two."

"No, no, no, no. My gootness no. Just twenty-one."

"No, Abey, twenty-two is what we want."

"Vy, vy. Dat's too much I tell you. Too much. Twenty that's all, I tell you. That's all."

"All right. Make out three checks, seven thousand apiece."

"H'm, all right. Goodbye."

"Well, now it's squared. Let's go."

They put the lights out and went into the dark, inky night, leaving no trace whatsoever.

Two days later a newspaper article read as follows:

"BOYS PAWN MOTHER'S JEWELS"

"The three sons of the late Mrs. Wood have pawned their mother's jewels so as to save themselves from bankruptcy. The jewels valued at about twenty-four thousand, were pawned for twenty-one thousand, with a loss of three thousand dollars."

Just in Time

By WILLIAM TISDALE, '31

The day of the great football game dawned dark and muddy. It looked to Coach Johnson as if the swimming team would be able to do a better job than his Carwell football team that afternoon in the struggle with Marston for the county championship. To make matters worse, Lawson, his star fullback, had been called home because of the serious illness of his father. As Jim Lawson lived nearly fifty miles away, it seemed certain that he would not play another game for Carwell, that year, at least.

The Marston squad were many pounds heavier and, upon hearing of the loss of the star fullback they felt as if the victory were already in their hands.

At two o'clock the Carwell squad gathered in the locker room to get the lineup for the game. Coach Johnson faced them with a gloomy look. His face also showed that he was determined to make the best of the bad situation. "Boys," he said, "I know we shall miss Jim today, but we must go in there and do our best to win."

"Who is to play in Lawson's place?" spoke up Chambers, one of the men to play in the game.

"Roberts will replace Jim," answered the coach. "He is the only man capable of the position."

Immediately after this announcement the locker room was filled with a buzz of voices. "We're lost now for sure, with that stuck-up feller in there!" came in a hopeless voice from Jack Chambers.

"You're right," agreed Lawrence Brown, who was to play in the line for Carwell.

"Quiet!" ordered Johnson angrily, "Get into your outfits and get out there and warm up!" Instantly the talking stopped, and the squad reluctantly got into their uniforms and trotted out on the field.

The confident Marston team arrived about five minutes later and snappily ran up and down the field for practice.

Some fifty miles away Jim Lawson's train pulled into the station of his home town. Jim quickly called a taxi, and was soon speeding toward his home.

About three minutes later Jim Lawson had the surprise of his life. As the car drew up in front of his house, there, raking leaves in the driveway was his father! Lawson leaped from the taxi and ran up to his father. "Why dad, I thought that you were very sick!" he cried in amazement.

"Sick?" returned his parent. "Not that I know of Jim," he added with a smile.

"I have been tricked!" exclaimed the Carwell man. "I received a telegram this morning that you were very ill, and to come home at once!"

"But I sent no message!"

"All right, dad, I think I understand," replied Jim, and he leaped into the taxi again. "Quick, to the airport!" he cried.

Back at Carwell things were going steadily against the home team. In fact the score was twelve to nothing in favor of the opponents at the time the half was called.

"Oh, if only Jim were here," groaned Chambers.

"That Roberts is a flop! I hope someone knocks him cold! We can get along better without him!" said Brown as he wiped some mud from his face.

The field was in terrible condition and Coach Johnson, while he was feeling very downhearted, was glad that the Marston team was thus handicapped.

"I wish we had a back that could run on a muddy field," muttered Williams, the left end.

"If we—" began Chambers.

"Keep quiet! We all know that if is a big word with little meaning," grumbled the Coach who had been listening to the talk, "Get in there now and forget Lawson!" And so began the third quarter.

Marston kicked off to Carwell. The right halfback caught the ball and started to run. A minute later he slipped and struck the ground as hard as if he had jumped from an airplane some feet above the ground. On the first play Chambers threw a pass to Williams. Billings, the Marston end, hit him like a steam engine, and a minute later he was taken off the field on a stretcher.

"Good night," muttered Johnson, "our only hope is gone!" And so on through the third quarter.

When the last quarter was about half over, Chambers unexpectedly caught a pass and scored a touchdown. The Carwell stands nearly went wild as Chambers kicked the extra point. The score now stood—Marston

twelve, Carwell, seven. But Johnson was not satisfied. He wanted to win! "Oh, if—" he unconsciously said to himself.

A minute later a hand touched his sleeve. He turned and saw before him Jim Lawson! "Jim! By all that's wonderful! You're just in time!"

"It was just like a fairy tale!" said Chambers to the hero Jim after the game was over, "That sixty-yard run was great, but when you kicked the goal it was still better. I guess that Roberts has learned his lesson. He is a different fellow since he found out that he wasn't so great as he thought he was, and I guess next year he won't send any false telegrams so that you have to come by airplane to be just in time!"



A Catastrophe

By WINNIFRED BLISS, '30

It had been a lovely day and Ma Bascom had felt the spring fever in her blood. Instead of bustling busily about the house as she generally did, she had given herself a day off and gone across the meadow and woodlot to visit old Miss Sniper. Miss Sniper was the newspaper for the few farms and houses scattered some miles from the village of Dryden. She seemed to know everybody's business, and, if not, she did not rest until she did. Everybody's family skeleton had been taken from its dark closet and aired before the neighbors by Miss Sniper.

"Laws o' me!" muttered Ma to herself after she had come home, "Myra Sniper be the greatest one for prying into everyone's business, but then she is rather handy when a body wants to know suthin'. Here I have wasted away a whole day listenin' to gossip. Reckon I better stir up a cake for Pa's supper.

Ma proceeded to get the necessary utensils and ingredients for the cake. She was hustling about when a cheery whistle at the door and a knock announced a visitor.

"Lo, Mis' Bascom," said a freckled-faced

lad of twelve as Ma went to the door. "Mr. Bascom wanted I should tell you that he is bringin' the minister's brother home for supper. The minister and his wife is away so there ain't no place for him to go. He said they would be here in half an hour."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Ma, "comp'ny to supper in half an hour and here I have been dawdlin' around all day, and the house looks like sin and corruption, and nuthin' fit to eat."

She hurried away leaving the disappointed boy at the door. He had expected at least one of Ma's famous cookies. As Ma hurried about, flying from one thing to another, she happened to glance at the clock and there on the shelf beside it were the unfilled kerosene lamps. She took the lamps down and picked up one of two cans on the pantry floor and hastily filled the six lamps. Then she thought of the cake. It was finished but for the milk. Not stopping to think what she was doing, she reached down, picked up a can, poured in some of the contents, stirred up the cake, and dumped it into the oven.

"Now," she said wiping her hot brow, "I

reckon I jest got time enough to put on my blue calico and set the table."

She had just finished the table when Pa and the company arrived. The cake was taken out of the oven and they sat down to supper. The supper was excellent, and then Ma brought on the cake with a spicy sauce over it. Pa's eyes glistened, and the minister's brother licked his lips. Pa put a generous helping into his mouth, then he coughed and tears came to his eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked Ma. "Ain't the cake all right?"

"Taste it and find out," answered Pa.

Ma tasted the cake and found to her dismay that she had put vinegar in it instead of milk. And upon further investigation vinegar was found to be in the lamps also.

"Mercy sakes," muttered Ma, "jest wait till Myra Sniper gets a-holt of that. I be in my second childhood she'll make out and I have forgot how to cook. She is still sore that my pie won over hers at the fair last autumn. Well, I'm glad it was the minister's brother instead of the minister hisself what got vinegar cake."



Captivity

By C. W. BERGER, '30

The prisoner sits in stubborn silence. He refuses to answer the commonplace questions that his companions in misery occasionally ask him. He does not enter into their conversations nor into their games, carried on stealthily, lest the sharp eyes of their jailer see what is going on. He has been this way ever since he came here, and now they have learned to expect nothing more from him. They have become used to his presence as they have to that of the furniture in the room and the four walls which surround them. They ignore him.

The prisoner, innocent and preoccupied, is too much buried in his own interest to find time to interfere with those of others. Like his companions he wears no clothing to distinguish him from ordinary people, no sign of the captivity which he is undergoing. To see him on the street, one would consider him merely an everyday boy. No one would see anything in his appearance strange or remarkable enough to warrant a second glance.

As I have said, the prisoner is silent. But this silence is only without. Within is a tumult, a clamor of thoughts. It is true his lips do not move, his eyes are indifferent, there is no

outward indication of this inward condition. Only now and then his eyes rove over the apartment, seeing nothing, not stopping to focus on a single object, since everyone has become monotonously familiar.

As the prisoner listens, he hears outside the happy voices of children, passing beneath the windows of the sombre, massive building in which he is held captive. Why not jump out and join them? One dash, one blow of his fists to shatter the glass of the great window beside him, one leap to the ground, he neither knows nor cares how far it is, and he will be with them. But stay! Other thoughts come racing into his mind, as if to drive out this one as having too long occupied his attention. What will become of him then? Only too well he knows that liberty thus gained will only be temporary, and then will follow a longer period of captivity.

Captivity! most terrible of punishments, when will it cease? How much longer must he stay here, shut in, secluded, denied the privilege even of breathing the open air? He glances at the clock, hanging in one corner of the dismal room, as if that would help him! He knows that this clock is not right. It has been put there only to tanta-

lize him, to make his captivity still more unendurable.

From the clock, the prisoner's gaze transfers itself to the front of the room where sits the jailer entrusted with the care of himself and his unfortunate comrades. Why is this person able to keep him here in this torture? Beyond that desk is the door and freedom. If he goes and opens it, how can this guardian prevent his escape? He sees no way by

which this person can interfere with his escape, yet he dares not try.

Suddenly, a bell rings loudly. Its harsh tones rouse the prisoner to action. What is more, they have the same effect on his companions. With a wild rush, they crowd to the door and, opening it wide, dash through the doorway with sighs of joy and relief.

Ah, finally the terrible captivity is ended. Freedom, at last. The sixth period is over!



Freedom

By ELIZABETH S. MACKINNON, '28

I

O ruthless, restless vagabonds,
What stirs within your souls
Such tumults and desires
For unknown things, forbidding goals?
The wanderlust is crying
The whole night through! It tears
At hearts and minds and fancies—
Come! Be released from cares.

Who dares to follow my spirit
Of life and joy and youth
Will soon be well rewarded,
For seekers find the truth.
So throw away your garments
Of fret and care and sham
Put on your wandering outfits:
Enjoy youth while you can.

II

O angry, shrieking glorious storm,
I love the way you seem to scorn,
I love you when you shriek and moan
And when you bite and gnash your teeth
Causing the waves to lash and seethe;
Hurling yourself against the trees,
Gleeful at their sobbing pleas;
Laughing, rushing, dauntless, free,
Blow me, onward, free like thee.

A La Browning

By RUTH HARRIS, '29

I drew a veil around it,
And barred it from the light;
Long, long did I weep for it
That sad, gray night.
Ambition that was shattered,
Fair dream, all torn and stained,
The wind outside, mourned with me,
The while it rained.
Thus was it that I left it,
My hope that bloomed so fair;
That other night I searched my soul—
And found it there!
And lo! where I had laid it
In death so long ago
A new dream rose to meet me,
Reborn from out the old.
New Hope was graven on its lips,
Of courage was its brow,
It wound itself around my heart—
I have a new dream now.



"THE ADVOCATE" BOARD

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Senior Class Report

At the first meeting of the Senior Class a nominating committee was chosen. Their nominations were submitted to the class, and the following officers were elected.

President, Robert Maloney

Vice-President, Lawrence Newcomb

Secretary, Marion Steves

Treasurer, Jean Whetton

The first regular meeting of the class was held in October. It was decided at this meeting that each student of the class should pay seventy-five cents for class dues.

November third a class meeting was held and several committees elected in view of the dance which the Senior Class will give in addition to the regular prom. Elsa Zirsch, Elizabeth Brown, and Robert Ramsay were elected to serve as refreshment committee; Anna Hickey, Arthur Curren, Franklin Wood, and Doris Adams as a music committee; Elizabeth McKinnon, Margaret Notman, and Isabelle Drury as a decoration committee; and Elizabeth Parry, Marguerite Sullivan, and David Gross as a general dance committee.

A photographic committee consisting of Robert Maloney, Lawrence Newcomb, Jean Whetton, Marion Burgess, and Marion Steves, was also elected at this meeting.

The Senior Class is represented on the football squad by Captain Staples, Burton Nichols, Mario DeFazio, Robert Maloney, Harry Gorse, and Lawrence Newcomb. The

class is also represented in field hockey by Edna Krooge, Marion Burgess, Margaret Notman and Dorothy Brooks.

Respectfully submitted,

MARION STEVES, *Secretary*.



Junior Class Report

A meeting of the class of 1929 was held at two-thirty in the lunch room on September 29, 1927. The purpose of the meeting was to elect class officers. The officers were elected as follows:

President, Alvan Ryan

Vice-President, Ruth Allen

Treasurer, Karl Flint

Secretary, Marie Whalen

By unanimous vote the meeting was adjourned at three o'clock.

Quite a representation of the Junior Class came out for sports this fall.

The football boys were K. Flint, B. Walton, H. Woods, A. Tocci, H. Bacon, A. Rodgers, and Lloyd Remson.

The field hockey girls were: H. Hamersley, B. Weston, N. Colburn, B. Church, R. Harris, L. Donahue, L. Josselyn, M. Thomas, B. Childs, L. Gulliver, M. Eighme, M. Chambers, F. Gross, and J. Church.

Respectfully submitted,

MARIE WHALEN, *Secretary*.

Sophomore Class Report

At the first meeting of the Sophomore Class a committee was chosen to make nominations for class officers.

At the next meeting, the following officers were elected:

President, Francis Donahue
Vice-President, Robert Wood
Secretary, Wilhelmina Hutchins
Treasurer, Clifford Berger

The next meeting was called to discuss class dues and vote for a ring committee. After a short discussion, it was voted that each pupil would give one dollar a year for class dues; and the following ring committee was elected: *Chairman*, Davis Hatch, William Gilman, Marjorie Harris, Margaret Rice, Elizabeth Rohn.

Respectfully submitted,
 WILHELMINA L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary*.



Freshman Class Report

The first meeting of the Freshman Class was held October 3, 1927. The meeting was called to order and a nominating committee was appointed to nominate the class officers. The members voted and the following officers were elected:

President, Archie Willgoose
Vice-President, Florence Coleman
Treasurer, James Mitchell
Secretary, Doris Locke

The Freshman Class is represented on the football team by:

First Team: John Eagen, Starrs Kerris.

Second Team: Warren Maloney, Brookes Moore, Harold Quinlan, William Alden, Richard Hodgdon.

Third Team: John Wallace, Ernest Sands, Feli Jiuliani.

The Freshman Class was represented on the girls' hockey team by: Barbara Newcomb, Priscilla Sawtelle, Marjorie Studley, Blanche

Hamilton, Elinor Sturtevant, Linda Bond, Mildred Bond, Lucy Murray, Dorothea Crawley, Kathleen Birtwell, Adelaide Poland, Ruth Nason, Elsie Evans, Janet Hodgdon, Natalie Bosworth, Jeanette Birkett, Eileen Chippissi, Barbara Corliss, Celestine Gabriele, Phyllis Walters, Rose Vellali, Doris Jones, Ivy Warren, Barbara Hervey, Ruth Stanwood, Natalie Hinds, Frances Eighme, Estelle Hedges, and Lois Beech.

Respectfully submitted,
 DORIS LOCKE, *Secretary*.



Music Classes

Director: Mr. Frazee

The music classes were under the direction of Mr. Pollard until the permanent supervisor, Mr. Frazee, arrived on October 24. Mr. Frazee is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and is an organist of renown. The work under his charge has been progressing favorably.

GLEE CLUB (GIRLS)

Director: Mr. Frazee

The Girls' Glee Club this year has one hundred thirty-five members, a decided increase over last year's membership. This has now become an established organization in the school, and the girls are preparing for their second annual concert, which is to take place in the spring.

GLEE CLUB (BOYS)

Director: Mr. Pollard

The Boys' Glee Club, whose activities have been suspended for a year, has been resumed under the direction of Mr. Pollard. The membership of this organization has been restricted to those who passed the vocal test. The public will have an opportunity to hear the boys at the annual concert in the spring.

ORCHESTRA

Director: Miss Hildegard Berthold

The school orchestra is very fortunate this year in having for its director Miss Hildegard Berthold. It is looking forward to a very successful season. The membership consists of the following:

PIANO

Elizabeth Darrah, '28 Ruth Allen, '29

FIRST VIOLIN

Doris Jones, '31 Ruth Bruns, '29

George Warren, '29

SECOND VIOLIN

Mildred Colton, '31 Adeline De Poli, '29

Anna Wesalowski, '29 Mario De Fazio, '28

Gordon May, '31

SAXOPHONE

John Marani Curtis Low, '31

Edward Dik, '28 Channing Davis, '28

BANJO

Franklin Wood, '28 Arthur Curren, '28

Assembly Programs

The early fall programs were under the supervision of Miss Clark, who secured several talented students to participate in the exercises. The first Monday the school was favored with a vocal selection by Anne Hickey, '28. October 3, Roberta Gray, '30, gave two readings. On the 10th of the same month Elizabeth Darrah rendered a piano selection. On October 24 the school had the pleasure of hearing several vocal selections by Mr. Pollard. October 24, Mildred Drayheim gave two readings and on October 31, Robert Wood favored with a piano selection. During the opening exercises on November 7, Pauline Stanley, '29, sang "At Dawning." Friday, November 11, at 2.00 p.m., the student body met in the assembly hall for Armistice Day exercises. A Proclamation was read by Francis Cleaves, '29; Armistice Day reading by Ruth Allen,

'29; and three poems were read by Francis Donahue, '30. After the Flag Salute, patriotic songs were sung. November 29, "L'Extase," a reading by Victor Hugo, was given in French by William Mulherin. A pleasing feature of the opening exercises is a march played by several of the school's pianists. Those who have assisted in this way are: Ruth Allen, Elizabeth Darrah, Elizabeth Brown, June Waldron, Priscilla Sawtelle, and Dexter Stark.

Honor Roll

FOR NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE FIRST RANKING PERIOD

All pupils whose names are listed below had a rank of B (85%) or above in all subjects:

Margaret Notman, Senior
Ruth Allen, Junior
Winnifred Beale, Sophomore
Mildred Draheim, Sophomore
Charles Johnson, Sophomore
Davis McIntosh, Sophomore
Melvin Storrs, Sophomore
Elsie Evans, Freshman
Doris Jones, Freshman
Priscilla Sawtelle, Freshman

The attendance honor roll for the first eight weeks consists of the following pupils:

Ackroyd, Roland	Carter, William
Alden, William	Cascio, Vito
Arnold, Clarence	Casey, Genevieve
Arnold, Robert	Cassidy, Gladys
Atkinson, Elizabeth	Cassidy, Robert
	Cefalo, Rose
Bacon, Mary	Chamber, Marion
Bartony, John	Childs, Barbara
Beale, Charles	Chilson, Katherine
Beech, Lois	Church, Barbara
Bezanson, Walter	Clancy, John
Blackman, Theodore	Clarke, George
Bliss, Winifred	Coates, Fletcher
Bond, Linda	Colburn, Elva
Bosworth, Natalie	Colburn, Norma
Broadley, Frederick	Coleman, Florence
Brooks, Franklin	Colton, Mildred
Brown, Helen	Compton, Hubert
Buckman, Arthur H., Jr.	Corliss, Barbara
Burton, Dorothy	Cowdrey, Barbara

Crawley, Dorothea
Cronin, Edward
Curren, Arthur
Curlin, Robert
Cushman, Charlotte

Davis, Marjorie
Day, Elinor
Day, Phyllis
Day, Robert
Dearing, Eleanor
Donahue, Pauline
Draheim, William
Dubois, Laurent
Durkee, Alvah
Dyer, Myrvin

Eighme, Frances
Eldredge, Alfred
Earnest, Doris
Evans, Elsie
Ewing, Paul
Fall, Irene
Farrand, Ruth
Ferrara, Angelina
Ferson, Eileen
Foster, Ethel
Fowle, Richard

Gabriele, Celestine
Gallagher, William
Gilfoil, Phyllis
Glidden, Robert

Hall, Glenn
Hamilton, Blanche
Hammersley, Helen
Hartshorn, Ruth
Hasenfus, Olive
Hazard, Earle
Hervey, Barbara
Hinden, Rosa
Hoag, George
Hodgdon, Richard
Holbrook, Helen
Hollis, Clare
Hopson, Elizabeth
Hunter, Mildred
Huston, Roger

Inge, Edna

Jenson, Alice
Juliani, Felix
Johnson, George
Jones, Doris

Locke, Doris
Locke, Eleanor
Loomis, Aaron
Low, Curtis

MacGregor, Arthur
Maloney, Robert
Maloney, Warren
Mann, Robert
Markee, Virginia
May, Gordon
McCulloch, Kenneth
McIntosh, Phyllis
Mitchell, Elizabeth
Mitchell, Searle
Moore, Brooks
Morgan, Gladys
Mulherin, William
Mullan, Julia
Murray, Frederic
Murray, Lucy

Nason, Ruth
Nichols, Phyllis
Nichols, Richard
Niden, Ella
Notman, James
Notman, Margaret

O'Day, Mary
O'Neill, James

Palmer, Francis
Pandolf, Velina
Pearson, Robert
Pehrson, Grace
Penry, Gladys
Peterson, Walter
Pigaga, Anna

Quinlan, Ellen
Quinlan, Harold
Quinlan, Paul

Rae, Wallace
Rand, Abbott
Remsen, Lloyd
Richards, Susan
Robinson, Helen
Roman, Joseph
Roper, Margarita
Ruane, James

Salman, Dorothea
Salman, Richard
Sands, Ernest

Sawtelle, Priscilla
Shibles, Barbara
Skinner, Harold
Slaney, Marjorie
Small, Ruth
Stanley, Edgar
Stanwood, Ruth
Staples, Elton
Stark, Dexter
Stephenson, Aloysius
Stevens, Helena
Steves, Marion
Storrs, Melvin
Stuart, Woodrow
Studley, Marjorie
Stupak, Blanche
Sturtevant, Elinor

Thomas, Mabel
Thomas, Roby
Thorpe, John
Tisdale, William
Tobey, Malcolm
Trudeau, Theodore

Trudeau, Walter

Vara, Grace
Vellali, Rose
Voorhees, Clara

Wahlig, Vivian
Walker, Elmer
Wallace, John
Wallace, Lillian
Waltes, Phyllis
Walton, Bryce
Ward, Blanche
Warrin, Guy
Westin, Stella
Whitney, Ruth
Willett, Elisabeth
Willgoose, Archie
Wilson, Gwendolen
Woods, Herbert
Woodward, Chesley
Wragg, Eleanor

Zirsch, Elsa



Courtesy to Our Elders

By FREDERIC R. MURRAY, '28

Our standard of courtesy to our elders is not that of the past. Today, we look on our elders as people who are our helpers, in preparing ourselves for life, and as our companions along life's road. Therefore, our attitude towards them has changed. We usually treat them as companions. We are on familiar terms with them. Of course this idea, like all ideas, is often carried too far. Some of us treat our elders, not as superior companions, but as inferior ones. They are not, however, by any means the latter. They have travelled on the road where we travel; they are our superiors and should have the respect due a guide or helper.

We feel that the old idea that they are vastly superior beings who sit off on some high mountain to pilot us through the valley of ignorance, and that they should be treated with the respect due a monarch or a god is wrong. We feel that without a certain familiarity with our elders we cannot present to them our problems as they really are.

The Modern Youth's Respect for Authority

By MARION STEVES, '28.

Every youth must learn to respect authority. The importance of this cannot, in any way, be over-estimated. We, as the youth of today, will be the citizens of tomorrow, and, as we know, the life of every good citizen must contain respect for authority. If we cannot respect the authority of those who are placed for our instruction and help, such as teachers, parents, and spiritual leaders, how may we expect to grow up to be citizens who will respect the authority of the laws of the nation, of those who enforce the laws, and of employees? It does not matter what position we may hold in after life; there will always be one whose authority is greater than ours, and he must be respected if we

to hold that position, or rise to higher positions. Unless we learn this lesson, we shall, in the future, make up the lawless element of the community and nation, for, although this is known as a free country, lawlessness will exist unless there is a certain degree of respect for those in authority.

It is not necessary to regard respect for authority as subjugation. We often may feel that we can have no ideas of our own, or do things by our authority. Usually, if we can show respect for those in authority, we can be trusted with greater liberty. This fact is true in the life of the citizen, as well as in that of the youth. So we may be sure that respect for authority is essential, both to our future success and our personal happiness.



Alumni

CLASS OF 1926

Name	Present Information
Lars Nelson	Bryant and Stratton
Elizabeth Gillespie	Office Needham Highway Dep't.
Margaret Seymour	B. U. College Liberal Arts
Donald Mitchell	Tufts
Ruth Newcomb	Office B. U. Dep't. Education
Mildred Joy	B. U. College Liberal Arts
Irvine Ross	Mass. Institute Technology
Winthrop M. Southworth, Jr.	Brown University
Evelyn Hansen	Boston School Physical Education
Ruth Norcross	Skidmore
Winthrop Newcomb	Needham Trust Company
Catherine Groves	Middlebury
Laurence Devine	Tuft's Dental
Alice Kingsbury	Emerson
Clarence Hammond	Mass. Agricultural College
Ruth Burgess	Poor's Institute, Wellesley
Joseph Whelan	Norwich
Constance Healy	Needham <i>Chronicle</i> Office
Raymond Smith	Mass. Agricultural College
Elsie Scotton	Office Queen and Pickett's
Horace Preble	Mass. Institute Technology
Katherine Voorhees	

New England Conservatory of Music

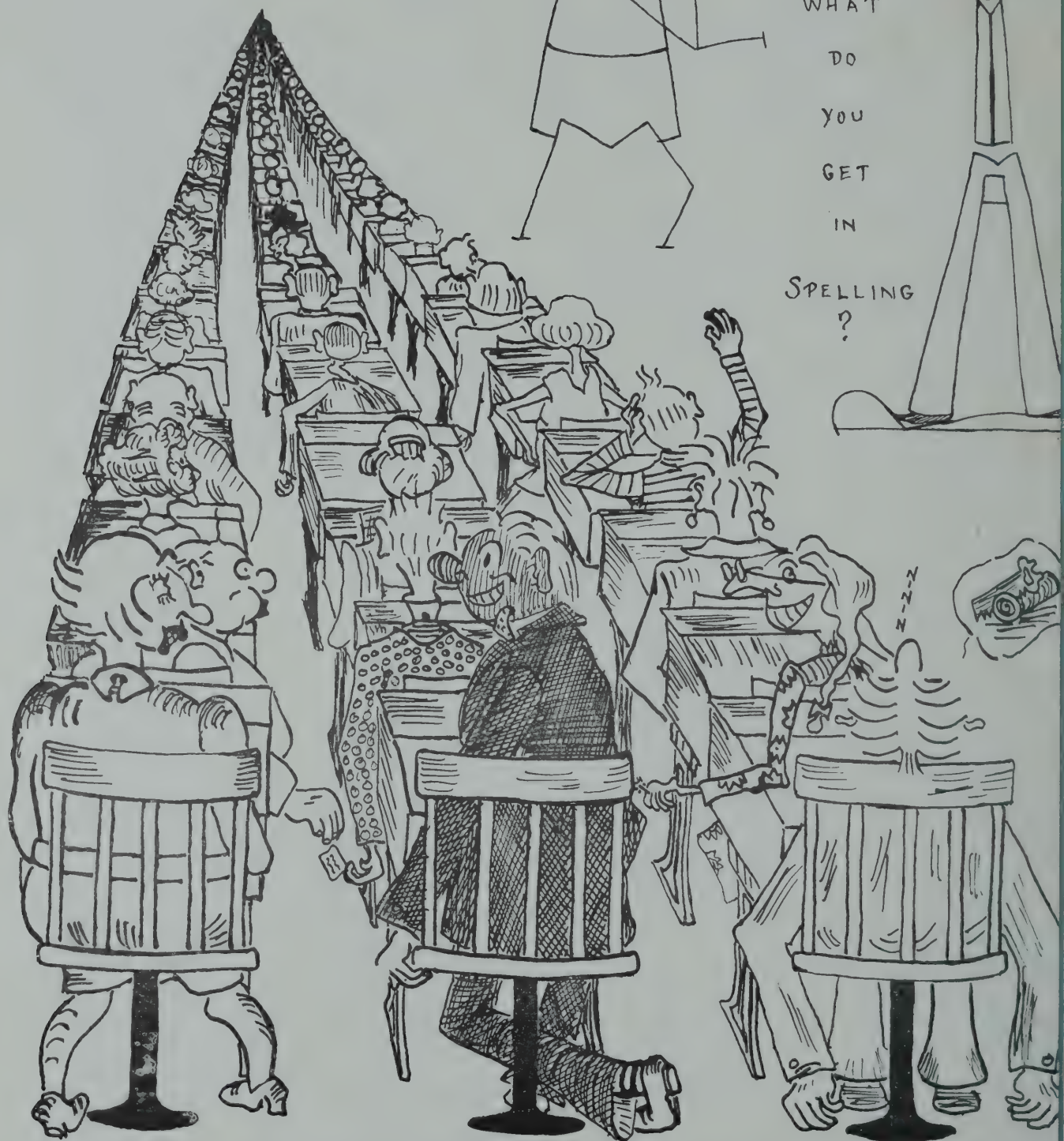
Arnold Childs	Mass. Institute Technology
Eleanor Jarvis	Wellesley
Russell Seaver	United Fruit Steamer

Name

Present Information

Ruth Davis	New Hampshire State
Everett Roper	Office Wm. Carter Company
Olive Woodruff	Office Doctor Curtin
Milton Marshall	Colby College
Marion Stevens	Jackson
Lucien Dien	In Medfield
Ida Boyd	Moved away
Edward Scott	In Needham
Etta Morris	Office Queen and Pickett
Winthrop Smith	Mass. Agricultural College
Dorothy Rosenblatt	Living in Dorchester
Theodore Gunaris	Office Wm. Carter Company
Dorothy Cookson	John Hancock Insurance Company
George MacKenzie	Medical School
Elizabeth Kimball	Poor's Institute, Wellesley
James Whetton	Nantucket Training Ship
Virginia Tinker	Attending Art School
Everett Waining	Norwich
Margaret Woods	Framingham Normal School
Murray Fairweather	Office Wm. Carter Company
Esther Sutton	B. U. Practical Arts and Letters
Oscar Starkweather	Mass. Agricultural College
Eleanor Hollis	Needham Public Library
John Harkins	Jenney Gasoline Company
Blanche Knowles	Office Wm. Carter Company
Kenneth Stata	Working for father
Katherine Gilfoil	Private Secretary

AS OTHERS
HEAR US~



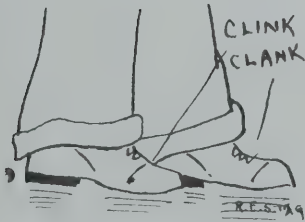
SECTION OF THE STUDY HALL AS SEEN FROM THE REAR



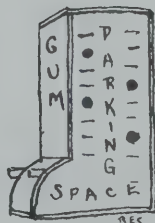
The Usual Ticket Rush ~



"Sublime Profile"



POPULAR TUNES ~ IN THE
CORRIDORS ~



NEEDED
IN ALL
ROOMS



~ AND SEE US ~

The Advocate

<i>Name</i>	<i>Present Information</i>
Daniel Shine	Bowmar's Store
Josephine Carlone	Office Horace Partridge Company
Ben Simon	Model Men's Store
Blanche Whelan	Miss Wheelock's School
Sherborne Rand	B. U. Business Administration
Evelyn Queen	Newton Hospital Training School
Allen Butler	Boston University
Violet Killam	Homeopathic Hospital Training
Ruth Mahaffy	Moved away
Howard Roberts	Office Wm. Carter Company
Ruth Adams	Office Babson Co.
Ruth Warburton	Hyannis
Elmer Ferson	In Needham
Stella Barkutis	Office Wm. Carter Company
William Mitchell	Red Hot's Orchestra of 1927
Alice Donahue	Federal Reserve Bank, Boston

CLASS OF 1927

George Rice	Boston English High School
Howard Godfrey	Tufts
Mildred Packard	Simmons
Harold Vincent	Nickerson's
Doris Blackman	Boston University
Arthur Birkett	Dartmouth
Helen Crawley	Simmons
Sumner Adams	Medway
Frank Allman	Wm. Filene Co., Boston
William Bond	Night School
Frank Castagnetti	Contractor
Raymond Chambers	Chambers' Dairy Company
Marion Clews	Deaconess Hospital Training School
Francis Coburn	With chemical concern in Boston
Anastasia Coughlin	Office Wm. Carter Company
Lydia Cranton	Office Wm. Carter Company
Harlan Crossett	Northeastern University
Rose Cylinski	Nutty Nut Shop, Needham
Russell Davis	Boston University
John Drinkwater	Bryant and Stratton's
Mary Ford	Katherine Gibbs' Secretarial School
Donald Eaton	Boston University
Gloria Greene	John Hancock Company
Harrie Fairweather	Office Wm. Carter Company
Margaret Hartshorn	B. U. School of Art
Frederick Kroog	Shawmut Corporation
Emily Kimball	Faulkner Hospital Training School
Phyllis Koldenburg	Deaconess Hospital Training School
William Ludlow	Working in Boston
Pauline Lyndon	At Home
Robert Marshall	Chauncey Hall
Mary Marshall	Northampton

<i>Name</i>	<i>Present Information</i>
Harold Martin	Northeastern University
Elinor Mason	Boston University
Eleanor Morris	Boston University
Evelyn Morris	Boston University
Leonard Morrison	Mass. Institute Technology
Doris Murtfeldt	Webster School Physical Education
Fletcher Murray	Northeastern School Engineering
Pearl Nanscawen	Boston University
Donald Nickerson	Tufts Medical
Madeleine Pease	Boston School Physical Education
Arthur Oakman	Art School
Alice Peterson	At Home
Evelyn Peterson	At Home
Robert Polley	Nantucket Training Ship
Richard Rawlings	Chambers' Dairy Company
Dorothy Queen	Toronto University
Charlotte Richards	Bryant and Stratton's
Doris Robinson	Pace Institute
Richard Rodgers	

Assistant Manager Needham Woolworth Co.	
Eleanor Rohn	Wheaton
Eugene Smith	Holy Cross
Louise Schirmer	Wheaton
Florence Stanley	Office Wm. Carter Company
Daniel Sullivan	Employers' Liability, Boston
Ruth Thomas	Framingham Normal
Donald Taylor	Huntington
Marguerite Toombs	Thomas Sutton Company
Annie Westin	Office J. J. Coppinger Company
Kenneth Wood	Goodspeed's Book Store, Boston
Josephine Weston	Office Wm. Carter Company
Robert Wright	Residing in Dedham
Theodore Zirsch	Indemnity Insurance Company
Dorothy Crane	Office Wm. Carter Company
Harry Dodge	At Home
Maybelle Fall	Schauffer College, Cleveland, Ohio
John Gilfoil	At Home
Jessie Milton	Office Wm. Carter Company

EX-1928

Gertrude Anthony	Living in Rhode Island
William Cotter	Bryant and Stratton School
Lois Eichler	Howard Seminary
Bryce Jose	Mt. Herman, Northfield
Levi Ladd	Kent's Hill Seminary
Mabelle Noyes	Framingham High
Catherine Peirce	Brookline High
Malcolm Stratton	Huntington
Ernest Thompson	Office Wm. Carter Company
Margaret Tucker	Jamaica Plain High



Athletics

A W O

Sport Editorial

By DAVID GROSS

Another campaign on the gridiron has ended disastrously for our school and the season has closed without a victory being registered by the wearers of the blue and white. Although the season has not brought us any fame for having a winning team, we have developed a school spirit that will last forever. It is rather hard to back a losing team, but we must admit that the cheering at the games this year has surpassed all other years in the history of our school. Frederic Murray, Doris Adams, and Marie Whalen should be commended for the efficient part they played as cheer-leaders.

Our captain, William Cotter, who was elected last year did not return to school, so Elton Staples was elected to lead the team in that capacity. Other promising candidates who reported for the team and did not make the first eleven were coached thoroughly by Mr. Small. Mr. Asa P. Small was a great help during the season. The way in which he coached the line helped a great deal in all games.

After losing every game except the one at Concord, which was tied, it was thought that the boys would win their objective game of the season at Wellesley on the morning of Thanksgiving, but this was not to be as their opponents took advantage of the "breaks" and won easily.

A fine foundation has been built for next

year and with a great deal of material on hand the coaches should turn out a winning group in 1928. We all look forward to the time when Needham High School will once more rank with the best in scholastic athletic achievements.

Let us keep up our fine spirit and back the remaining sporting teams to the man. Coach Small will need your help in basketball and track, and Coach Delano will need it in hockey and baseball. You are making the town proud of you, so keep it up, students of Needham High School.



Football

Milton 3

Needham 0

The first game of the season was played at Milton and after we had held the upper hand throughout the game we were defeated in the last minute of play when Chet McCarthy, Milton's star halfback; booted a field goal from our thirty-yard line. It was a cleanly played game and was a moral victory for the "blue and white." McCarthy starred for Milton, while Captain Staples and Karl Flint played well for our team.

Belmont 21

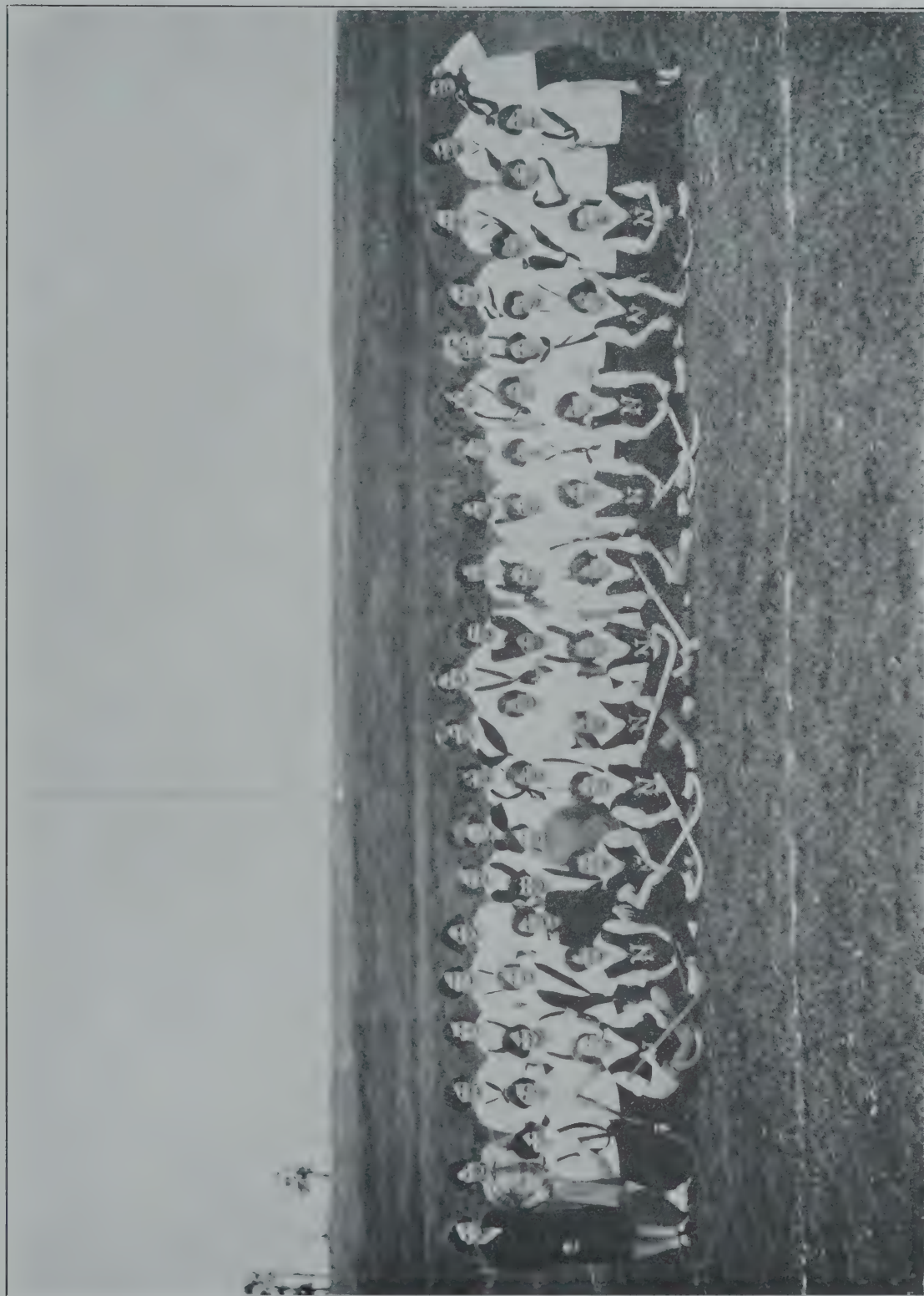
Needham 6

An out-weighted Needham High School Team fought stubbornly against a powerful Belmont eleven and lost the decision by the above score. The score of the contest does not indicate in any way the kind of game played by our team. After a minute of play



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

Back Row: Asst. Coach Small, E. Sands, P. Quinlan, H. Quinlan, R. Ackroyd, W. Alden, B. Moore, J. Egan, G. Johnson, J. Wallace, Coach Delano.
Middle Row: W. Maloney, E. Hazard, T. Trudeau, A. Tocci, C. Flint, B. Walton, T. Sparks, H. Woods, S. Bacon, L. Remson.
Front Row: M. DeFazio, H. Gorse, S. Norris, E. Rogers, Captain Staples, B. Nichols, C. Arnold, W. Wragg, L. Newcomb.



THE FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

Back Row: Manager Drury, M. Whelan, P. Walter, H. Cotter, E. Donald, M. Harris, N. Hinds, R. Stanwood, D. Jones, J. Birkett, P. Sawtelle, N. Bosworth, H. Berger, R. Vellali, E. Evans, H. Dunn, J. Warren, D. Crawley, B. Hervey, M. Studley, Coach Wood.

Middle Row: M. Eighme, J. Church, E. Zirsch, W. Beale, J. Hodgdon, F. Eighme, O. MacMurdie, L. Murray, B. Weston, M. Burgess, P. Day, D. Brooks, B. Eames, N. Colburn, E. Gordon, M. Davis, R. Nason, H. Harkins, E. Sturtevant.

Front Row: R. Leleigh, M. Notman, O. Hasenfus, B. Childs, R. Starkweather, Captain D. Adams, A. Donahue, E. Kroog, H. Hammersley, R. Harris, M. Thomas.

in the second period Karl Flint circled his left end and ran twenty-four yards for a touchdown to score the first points of the game. Flint was injured a minute later and had to be taken from the game. It seemed that our team lost its morals after his departure and Flanders, the Belmont quarterback, scored three times through end runs. He was the outstanding player for Belmont, while Flint and Donahue starred for us. Donahue broke his ankle in the third period and was lost to the team for the rest of the season.

Dedham 32

Needham 0

On a day when everything seemed to go wrong we lost a one-sided struggle to Dedham on the opponents' field. The breaks were the deciding factors, and in the first period the Dedham lads scored two touchdowns as the result of blocked kicks. In the third they secured another in the same manner. Sparks was injured in this game and was not right again for a few weeks. Flint starred for us while Captain White was the best player on the Dedham team.

Needham 0

Concord 0

We earned our first tie game of the season at Concord after forty minutes of hard football. It was a very interesting contest and showed a great improvement in our team. We chose to play a defensive game owing to the fact that Donahue from the line and Flint and Sparks from the backfield were absent on account of injuries. Peterson for Concord and Nichols and Tocci for Needham were the stars of the game.

Norwood 27

Needham 0

The Norwood High School football eleven came to Needham this year to play the annual contest between these two schools, and when they departed they had earned their fifteenth consecutive victory over rival schools over a space of two years. The Murray-coached team held the upper hand throughout the

game and scored in less than three minutes after the opening whistle had blown. This does not mean that we were ragged; as a matter of fact we would have stood a good chance of winning if we had had a team as heavy and aggressive as our opponents. Jasionis and Donovan starred for Norwood, and Walton, and Rodgers were the best players on our team.

Natick 20

Needham 0

We suffered our fifth setback of the season at the hand of our friendly enemy, Natick, by the above score. The visitors put on one of the finest passing games ever seen on Greene's Field and, as a result, won the game without much opposition from the home team. Forward passes resulted in each of Natick's touchdowns and the combination of Pentes to Garvey for the opponents was responsible for all. "Bunny" Walton and Burton Nichols were the shining lights on our team and were the only ones to offer consolation to the home rooters. Keris played his first game for us and proved his worth in the line. Arnold also started his first contest since being eligible.

Framingham 13

Needham 6

In the best game in which we participated this year we were nosed out by Framingham by one touchdown. Our team, composed of rookies at the first of the year, showed great improvement over the first of the season. "Breaks" were responsible for the loss of this game as well as those we lost the same way earlier in the season. On the very first play of the game Wragg threw a pass which was intercepted by Curran for a touchdown. This was heart-breaking, but we never gave up, and after Diatelevis scored another in the second period as the result of a fumble we kept fighting. Our hopes soared a minute later when our premier athlete, Karl Flint, shot off tackle and ran seventy-eight yards for a touchdown. No scoring was done in the second half although we threatened a tie several times.

Wellesley 12

Needham 0

We lost our annual game with Wellesley as the result of poor judgment on the part of our players. A close conservative game was played during the first half and no gaining was done, but in the second half we completed six passes out of seven attempts. We should have used more of them in the first half. The largest cheering section of the season was collected for this contest and, although our school lost on the field, we won in the "battle of words." Burton Nichols was the star of the game and had it not been for him, no doubt many more scores against us would have resulted. His fine tackling and interference were worthy of praise. Karl Flint also played well in the backfield. This ended our season, and although it was a bad finish, we look for better results in our other sports.



Sport Graphs

We did away with a large expense item this year when we did not inclose the field with canvas for the home games. A new system with the use of extra ropes and greater police protection gave us an opportunity of collecting from everyone.

We wish to commend the police department for their very efficient work at the games; also the ticket sellers who worked untiringly for the benefit of their school. Miss Darah and Miss Hickey of the Senior Class received school letters for their work.

We had more candidates out for the team this year than ever before. It is also interesting to note that they stayed out all year regardless of whether they were playing or not.

Manager Robert Ramsay served in a very efficient capacity during the season and deserves credit for his untiring effort to do his best.

The loss of Francis Donahue in the Belmont game was a critical one and it was hard to replace him during the season.

Mr. Pollard deserves credit for bringing to Needham High School a school spirit which has aroused enthusiasm in the heart of each member of the student body. We have a fine sporting principal and we should do our best to make him proud of us in our athletics.



Girls' Field Hockey

By MARIE WHELAN, '29

At the beginning of the year a hard fought hockey tournament was held between the home room teams. Room 310 combined with room 206 came out victorious.

The interclass tournament followed the home room series. The Juniors won. The score was Juniors 8 points; Seniors 6; Sophomores 4; and Freshmen 0. Miss Wood supervised these tournaments.

The call for candidates for the varsity squad brought many girls out for hockey practise.

A practise game was played with the Alumnae on October 12. The team had to work hard to win. In the first half the Alumnae made two goals. The High School soon tied them and toward the latter part of the game the school team scored, making the final score, Needham 3—Alumnae 2.

On October 20, class games were played with Wellesley. The scores were as follows:

<i>Wellesley</i>		<i>Needham</i>	
Seniors	2	Seniors	0
Juniors	0	Juniors	3
Sophomores	1	Sophomores	1

Needham High played a very exciting game with Newton High on October 26. In the first half Needham outplayed Newton. In the last half the teams were more equally matched. The game ended with a tie score, Needham 5—Newton 5.

A game was played with Walpole on November 2. It was not played so strenuously as that against Newton but was interesting to watch. The score was Needham 2, Walpole 1.

On November 4 a game was played with Wellesley between girls who had not had after-school practise. The score was Wellesley 1, Needham 1.

The second team games were as follows:

Newton 3	Needham 1
Walpole 2	Needham 1

On November 16th the Girl's Hockey Team played a strenuous game with Concord and was defeated for the first time this fall. The score being Concord 3, Needham 0.

Needham's second defeat was Wellesley on November 21. It was an exciting game as the teams were evenly matched. The score was a tie until nearly the end of the game, then Wellesley shot another goal. The score was Wellesley 2, Needham 1.

The second team's game with Concord ended with the score of: Concord 1, Needham 1; and with Wellesley, Wellesley 2, Needham 0.



Basketball

The Neighbortown Basketball League of which we were a member last year was disbanded this season owing to the fact that one school was unwilling to continue in it this year. Wellesley claimed that it did not have enough student participation to continue in the league. The other schools thought it unwise to continue with only four teams.

This move is looked upon favorably by our coach as it will give him an opportunity to

arrange a schedule that is fitting to a school of this size. Last year it was our misfortune to open our season with Norwood, which by the way, gave us a humiliating defeat as the result of no practice.

The prospects of having a good season this year are very evident and with Mr. Small looking after the destiny of this team we feel reasonably sure that we will have a successful season. The veterans of last year's team who will be with us this year are as follows: Captain William Wragg, Karl Flint, Lawrence Newcomb, Merwin Dyer, William Mulherin, John Woodruff, and Herbert Woods.

We hope that we will be able to cheer a winning team this year, and with the able coaching of Mr. Small we feel sure that we will.

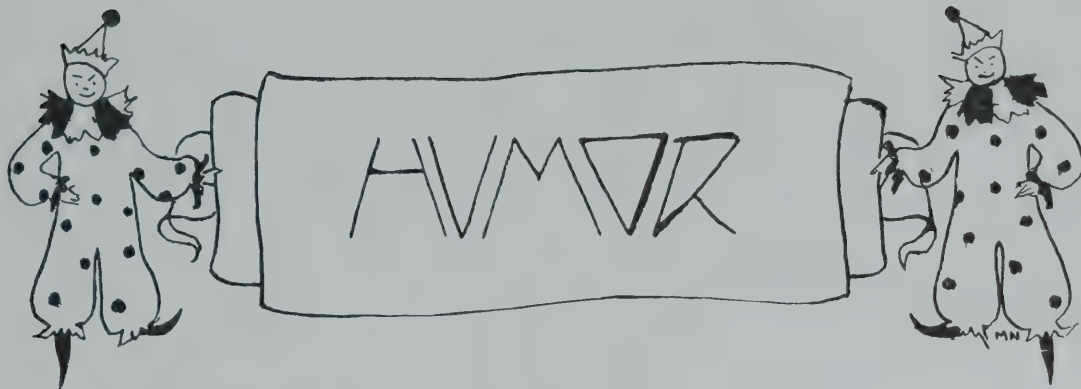
David Gross is the manager this year.



Ice Hockey

The prospects for a good hockey team this year are better than ever before. The team will be coached by Mr. Delano, who will be able to give all of his time to the sextet. The team had a very successful season last year and lost only one game, and it is hoped that conditions will be better this year so that more games may be played than last year.

Captain William Carter is well qualified to lead his team, and with him on our forward line we may feel sure that his stick will win many games for us. Burton Nichols, Herbert Woods, Mario DeFazio, Brice Walton, and Arthur Rodgers are some of the veterans who will be with our team this year.



Now You Know

By FRANK HOGAN, '28

Reggie von Nastybilt de Gurgle van Bane was known to the world as the worst sort of pain who did things so silly 'twould make your hair curl—till Reggie when driving ran over the girl. The romance tho terribly bent in beginning, as Mary grew better began to go swimming, and Reggie reformed some—but yet was a boor; so he offered her money 'cause Mary was poor. But Mary refused and he offered her marriage and Reg had a business-like swing to his carriage, but Mary refused him, hot from the pan, cause *she* knew *her* groceries and wanted a man. This knocked Reggie cold and then hot 'neath the collar, and he put for the sticks without ever a holler. He left all his money and old life behind; you'd know him in love unless you were blind. He grew rough and rugged and toughened his frame. He shortened his handle to simple Reg Bane. He grew to a he man in one little whirl, but his heart kept on tugging—he wanted his girl.

He went back of course, he couldn't be beat, and found Mary's furniture out in the street. The landlord, a villain, liked her looks and all that, yet as she wouldn't have him, he foreclosed on her flat.

He soon won her over and into a clinch. He purchased a license; the rest was a cinch. And unless you're a contemptible kind of a grafter, you know just how they lived ever after.

Now my child, I've told you the glorious pattern, for five thousand novels. Go ahead, be no slattern. With hurrying pen sling forward this drool and fame will rest on your library full.

Not in the Original Package

A certain negro preacher was an earnest man, but he was not above realizing the advantage of advertising. It so happened that at a revival meeting for colored gentlemen it was planned that when the preacher thought that the religious fervor was at its highest pitch, he should give a signal to the sexton to throw down a white dove through a hole cut in the roof above the pulpit.

When the eventful day arrived the church was packed, and the preacher taking as a text the words, "Like a dove!" worked his congregation up to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

"Like a dove!" he shouted, and at the same moment rapped on the pulpit to warn the sexton that the time for throwing down the dove had come.

After a short interval the audience was surprised to see a cat being lowered into the hall from the roof by means of a rope tied around his body.

"Whar's de dove?" the preacher called out.

"Inside de cat!" was the muffled answer from above.—*Exchange*.

In an English Class: The footsteps came slowly down the hall, hesitated, and turned the door knob.

A Question and the Answer

By FRANK HOGAN, '28

Could John B. Oliver exist without his six jointed, double-barreled, blasting, tongue twisters? These awful, soul searing, sonorous trumpetings which occasionally roll from his cherubic lips to startle teachers and stun classmates are verbal bludgeons too dangerous, yea, even too deathly, to rest on the tongue of one so sweet and innocent, and yet so trusting of his Webster.

We respond in the negative. (We say no.) Unless John B. Oliver be in league with an ear specialist, it is for no good purpose at all to allow such a terrible distributor of death and destruction to pursue his airy way unchallenged.

So it behooves me, as a quaking sufferer, with a haunting fear for his tympanum, to suggest a remedy.

I therefore move that every staunch N. H.S. pupil shall, upon perceiving the said John B. Oliver to be nearer than one statute mile from any dictionary, seize and bind with a stout steel cable either John B. or the dictionary, it being immaterial which. Also that if, after 2 a.m., a light be seen in John B's room by any conscientious pupil, said pupil shall either by personal force or by sounding a riot call, seek to separate John B. Oliver from his maltreated dictionary. How goes it?

Mr. Small: "Which problem troubled you?"

Bacon: "The money problem!"

French III-B

Miss Oliver (translating "Pourquoi baisse-t-on la cheminée?"): "Why do they lower the railroad?"

Miss Harrington: "Isn't it queer, Bacon, that you should get an 'A' on your test yesterday and a poor mark on the same thing today?"

Bacon: "Yes, I guess yesterday was my off day."

What If

Phyllis and Burton were Pennies instead of Nichols?

Dorothy were Rivers instead of Brooks?

Elizabeth and Helen were Purple instead of Brown?

Robert were a Woman instead of a Mann?

Charlotte were an Ocean instead of a Lake?

Ruth were Large instead of Small?

Marjorie were a Bush instead of a Wood?

Marguerite were a Heap instead of a Stack?

Joe were a Road instead of a Lane?

Jane and Barbara were Steeples instead of Churches?

Elinor and Phyllis were Nights instead of Days?

Helen were a Swallow's Son instead of a Robin's Son?

David were a Dozen instead of a Gross?

Mr. Frost were Ice instead of Frost?

Richard were an Animal instead of a Fowle?

Florence were the Iceman instead of the Coleman?

Billy were a Ribbon instead of a Wragg?

Billy were a Net instead of a Webb?

History III-B

Mr. Frost: "How many have seen a ship canal with horses pulling it?"

English III-A

Miss Allen (Reciting on the English punishment for treason in the eighteenth century): "His head was cut off and then he was sliced up before his eyes."

Chemistry IV-A

Mr. Benton: "Why do we not put a stopper in a flask of liquid air?"

"*Billie*" *McKinnon:* "It would melt the stopper."

Old Home Week

(News item from *The Advocate* ten years from today)
Recent Arrivals:

Sir Arthur Cohen, the first man to transmute base metals into gold in large amounts.

Mr. Southworth, of the *Police Gazette*.

Mr. John B. Oliver, whose "unabridged" has supplanted Webster's.

The Rt. Rev. F. Richardson Murray, Bishop of Edinburgh.

Miss Phyllis Day, of the Day taxi service. Call East Boston 0515. (advt.)

Miss Anna Hickey, who has taken a short vacation from her concert tour on the Loew circuit No. 5.

Mr. Staples, the present bridge champion.

Mr. Whitmore who recently walked across the United States in one week.

The burglars who broke into school in the fall of 1927, and their captor, who receives the school committee reward, minus interest.

Mr. Donald of the present Scout Commissary.

English III-A

Miss Robbins: "Mr. Bacon, are you chewing gum?"

Bacon (after some exercise of the throat muscles): "I was."

Miss Robbins: "Don't swallow it, it is bad for the insides."

Miss Sawyer: "What is the Latin verb meaning 'I give'?"

Quinlan: "Don't know."

Miss Sawyer: "That's right, dono."

Sophomore: "Why is a freshman like a green apple?"

Freshman: "What's the answer?"

Soph: "Because he gives you a pain."

Mr. McLoughlin: "If 'n' equals an integer, what would the next consecutive integer be?"

Marjory: "The next integer would be 'o'."

Mr. Benton: "Now Stewart, what is hard water?"

Stewart: "Ice."

Miss Churchill: "What do you think of the picture over my desk?" (meaning the Sphinx).

Miss Poland: "It looks as though the wind blew his nose off."

History III-B

Mr. Frost: "Among the countries having a stable Merchant Marine are Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland—"

French III-B

Miss Harrington: "Now if 'fermier' means farmer, what does 'fermière' mean?"

Miss Oliver: "Farmerette."

Chemistry IV-A

Mr. Benton: "In what way could I prove that a colorless liquid was water?"


Hodgson: "Put a fish in it."

For Sale

By MALCOLM S. TOBEY, '28
One Ford Car with a piston ring,
Two rear wheels, one front spring,
Has no fenders, seats or tank,
Burns lots of gas, and hard to crank,
Carburetor busted half way through
Cylinders missing, hits on two,
Three years old, four in the spring
Has shock absorbers 'n' everything.

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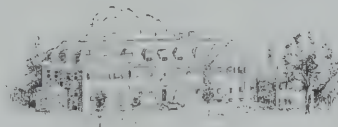
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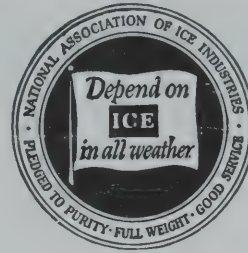
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